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a sudden grappling with the longer books of Bergson himself might induce, and set him in tune for the profoundest and most original of modern philosophers, one of whose kindest messages to humanity is that the past can never perish, and the future lies before us to be made.

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SIR WILLIAM BUTLER. AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Lieut.-General the Right Hon. Sir W. F. BUTLER, G.C.B. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1911.

This book contains the record—we might almost say, the daily record—of the life of a very distinguished soldier-servant of the British Empire. Sir William Butler, like many another able British officer, was an Irishman. He was also a Catholic, a Liberal, and, apparently, a Home-Ruler. These qualifications may throw some light on his career. His own writing ends with his departure from South Africa in 1899, just before the Boer War began. His daughter, Miss Eileen Butler, in a short "Afterword," completes the record, and the autobiography was edited by her.

Sir William Butler became best known, to Americans, at least, because he did *not* command the British forces in their conflict with the Boers. He was born in "Butler's country" in Ireland, a section which takes its name from the great family to which he belonged. He entered the army in 1858 as an ensign in the Sixty-ninth Regiment, just missing the Crimean War and the Mutiny, in which many of his later friends had served. He was ordered to Burmah, and thereafter ranged the British Empire from east to west and from north to south, from Rangoon to the Red River of the North, from Dublin to Durban, seeing service in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. He heard the "morning drum-beat" over a large part of the globe. No man could have had these experiences without being interesting. Moreover, he was endowed with high intelligence and sympathetic imagination, and writes with vigor and a pleasant style. Several times he served in Canada, and one of his earliest commanders was Sir Garnet Wolseley, for whom he conceived a life-long attachment and admiration. He was with him in the Ashanti War and in the Egyptian campaign which culminated in the battle of Tel-el Kebir and the destruction of the power of Arabi Pasha, whose life he was instrumental in saving.

The immense range of his subjects is illustrated by the index, which, beginning with Aboukir and the Afghan War, extends to the Zulu Campaign, and embraces such names as Arabi Pasha and the Archbishop of Cambray, Cetewayo and Cromwell; Chinese Gordon, De Lesseps; Disraeli, Gladstone, Grant, and Grouchy, and many others whose mere names suggest a thousand associations. In connection with the Zulu War he relates the circumstances which led to the death of the Prince Imperial, and tells of a visit to Cetewayo, then imprisoned at the Cape, and of taking him some rushes from his native land, without which the old warrior could not sleep.

"He was delighted to get this little bit of his beloved Zululand in his dreary four-walled prison. It was the same as putting a bit of green sod into the cage of a lark; only the unfortunate Zulu king wept when he saw these reminders of his old home, and he said to the interpreter, as he shook my hand, 'Say to him that he has brought sleep to me; now I can rest at night.'"

Battle-fields have the greatest attraction for him. When on furlough he would turn aside to visit them, and thus he inspected the fields of Austerlitz, Marengo, Wagram, Aspern, Malplaquet, Fontenoy, Jemappes, and others.

In early life he examined the ground of the Waterloo campaign, of which he writes at length, and he relates how the "Great Captain" had marched his army to within thirty miles of Wellington and seventeen of Blücher, while the "Iron Duke" and "Marshal Vorwaerts" thought him still in Paris. He tells how his supreme skill was neutralized by the treachery of two of his officers who deserted to his enemies and informed them of his presence.

He heard the echoes of our own great war, and about the *Alabama* he tells this as one of his experiences in India: "One hot season, when Madras lay gasping for breath, there were no cooling drinks to be had—the ice-ship from Boston to Madras had not arrived. The *Alabama* was known to be out, and to her account the fact of the ice-ship's being missing was at once laid. The Southern cause had many supporters among us at the time, but this supposed interference with our thirst by the celebrated Confederate cruiser was a thing which had not been reckoned with when the balance between the rival combatants had been struck in our community. Had not our mess rights, just as pressing to us as those of Alabama or the Carolinas to the Southerners, been violated in this matter? So, for a time at least, there was pause in debate among us, until one day the ice-ship was seen in the offing, and the Federal cause went down again to zero like the temperature in our tumblers."

Having written of those matters which enlist the interest of the general reader, we have little space to write of the crisis of his career which came in 1899, involving his resignation of the command in South Africa. As his statement of this matter is, of course, *ex parte*, though he quotes from the records, and as all the facts necessary to a conclusion may not be at hand, we can only deal with the subject with a great deal of reserve. He had had an intense realization of the rights and wrongs of the peoples who have from time to time come in touch with the edges of the British Empire and gradually come under its sway. The Uitlander question had become acute in 1899. The government at London, acting through the War and Colonial Offices, seemed unable or unwilling to understand the situation as he knew it. He believed that the Boers had assumed their stolid attitude because the actions of the English had made them profoundly suspicious. He thought that if this impression could be removed by a policy of conciliation, the status of the Uitlanders could be fixed upon reasonable terms. The alternative was the "forward" policy. Of this Sir Alfred Milner, the British High Commissioner in South Africa, was the champion. This policy was the heart's desire of the commercial element, of which Mr. Rhodes, the Chartered Company, and the owners of the diamond and gold mines were the principal exponents. General Butler heartily despised the rank and file of this commercial crusade. Their headquarters were at Johannesburg and in the Stock Exchange in London. No words could express his contempt for them, and of Johannesburg, after a visit, he writes:

"One did not observe outward rowdiness or intemperance, but the more fashionable forms of gambling and immorality were everywhere to be seen.

Liquor bars served by cosmopolitan ladies with straw-colored hair were to be seen at every corner; the Stock Exchange had four of these establishments contiguous to it. There were clubs, betting dens, brokers' offices everywhere."

It had been described by a Cape politician as "Monte Carlo superimposed upon Sodom and Gomorrah"; and another had defined it as "the central sin spot of civilization."

The forward policy—the policy of the "strong arm"—if it must be pursued, involved military dispositions. Butler had seven thousand men. It was suggested to him that with these he should throw a "ring" around the Republics, which would "steady" the Boers and bring them to a better frame of mind. He knew that the means at his command were entirely inadequate, and that the attempt to do it would spell disaster. He refused to make the attempt unless he got orders explicitly requiring it. Meantime, things went from bad to worse; the policies of the War and Colonial Offices became to him inexplicable—a dual contradiction; everything tended to make war inevitable and nothing was done to make it successful. He believed that "a war between the white races coming as a sequel to the Jamieson Raid would be the greatest calamity that ever occurred in South Africa." Co-operation between him and the High Commissioner became impossible. The latter's attitude toward him was expressed in an interview when he said: "It can never be said, Sir William Butler, that *you* precipitated a conflict with the Dutch"; to which he replied, "I understand your meaning, there can be no further use in my continuing the interview." To put it briefly and fairly, Sir William's opinions in the judgment of the Home Government disqualified him for the duties which they expected of the chief of the military forces in South Africa. He realized that his position had become untenable, and sent in his resignation, which was accepted.

A few days later he left the Cape.

His daughter tells us that when he returned to England he became the "best abused man" in the country, and when the British arms met their initial reverses, those disasters were ascribed to him. However, time and the record set all things even, and he did not have to die in order to be vindicated. He was placed in command at Aldershot.

When the fortunes of the British army were at the lowest, he offered to go out and serve in any capacity, but was not allowed to do so. Later he received the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath and was made a member of the Privy Council of Ireland. He sleeps near his birthplace in the Green Isle.